NORTHERN MESSENGER

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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'A MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.'
From the Painting by Sir E. Landseer.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOGS.

FROM CHARLES L. HILDRETH, IN 'MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.'

Out of the haze that floats across the long vanished years, starts the shape of one I loved with the fresh, unworn love of childhood—a devoted friend whose loyalty no neglect, no selfishness, no injury could shake: who voluntarily took upon himself the office of guardian over a little prankish boy, at whose ear the unseen imp of mischief ever stood whispering temptation; who too often bore the burden and the punishment of my small sins, and who crowned his brief existence with the glory of perfect self sacrifice. Such a friend was Trusty, my black and white retriever.

I had been strictly forbidden to play with matches. Generally speaking, I successfully resisted the malign fascination that fire exercised over my fancy—as it does, I think, with most children. But one hapless day the temptation of a box full of matches on the mantel shelf was too much for my moral strength. I struck the first match timorously, the second and third with progressive recklessness, conjuring up visions of my own pround self as the leader of a torchlight procession—Trusty, meanwhile, sitting at my feet with eager eyes and open mouth, waiting the moment when his turn should come to take a part in the fun, whatsoever it was to be.

One of the blazing matches in falling touched my skirt, and in an instant the light fabric was aflame. Stupefied with terror, I could neither move nor cry out. Not so Trusty. Bounding to the open door he poured forth a torrent of wild shrieks; then, apparently despairing of help from that quarter, he sprang back to where I stood, he seized the blazing garment in his teeth, and actually tore the greater portion of it from my body. He was still at work, when some members of the family entered.

I was severely, though not dangerously, burned; but it was otherwise with Trusty. In his efforts to save me from the consequences of my own disobedience he must have inhaled the flame. He was found in a corner, moaning feebly. They placed him tenderly upon the bed beside me; and there, in the act of licking the hand that had slain him, he died. Trusty's death was my first profound grief, my first knowledge of the dark browed visitant, poppy crowned, who comes one day to all, men and dogs alike.

> All animals are living hieroglyphs—
> All made in love, and made to be beloved.

To this poetic sentiment, I feel the need of at least one exception—the bull-dog. He is a disgrace to caninity; a sour, cross-grained savage, whose very tenacity of purpose—his one boasted trait—is the merest irrational obstinacy. And *'tel maitre, tel chien,'* in a neighborhood where bulldogs abound, the wise man will put his watch into his inside pocket, and keep a wary eye for footpads.

I had no very warm regard for the greyhound either, though he is unquestionably a gentleman; polished, equable, withal somewhat of a *petit maitre* in his sleek, shining coat, mouse color by preference, or black if more serious minded. He is not particularly brilliant, mentally; his affections are moderate, and his respect for humanity by no means profound. Upon his family escutcheon there is a dark stain; for once upon a time an ancestress was guilty of a mesalliance—*horribile dictu*—with a common, vulgar bulldog. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that from this peasant strain in his blood he gets his physical strength and endurance.

The bloodhound has a noble physique, wholly admirable to those who take note solely of 'external presentation.' His tawny coat, his powerful limbs, his deep chest and iron jaws, his tireless perseverance, his undaunted courage—these, doubtless, are traits that inspire respect. But he has been engaged in too many nefarious deeds to invite confidence or affection. He was once a professional thief taker.

> Jack baffled the hounds and jeered at the men,
> The blood dogs and tipstaves ne'er saw Jack again—

says the old Tyburn song. Yet darker tales are told of the bloodhound, tales only whispered now, and haply nearly forgotten by the present generation though recorded in the pages of history and poetry, tales of

> The far-off bay of the murderous hound,
> Tracking the blood of the desperate wretch.

Too often have human ears hearkened with sick despair to

> That terrible cry, like a minstrel bell
> Rung miles away for prayer—

and felt in shrinking nerve and flesh

> —the grip of the demon hound.

The bloodhound is a butcher by instinct. He would rather kill than not. Through generations of his race, man has trained him to murder, inbreeding his worst traits carefully and scientifically. When he turns and rends his master, in the pure blood lust which has been forced into his brain by man, he is merely following the line of his education—nothing more.

There is a painting of Ansdell's—'The Scotch Gamekeeper'—which has a peculiar attraction for the lovers of setters. The dark coated dog with his forepaws upon the knee of the keeper, looks far more intellectual than the wearer of the bonnet, who returns his affectionate, questioning gaze

> Wi' stupid eye o' toad or frog.

'I love you,' says the gaze; 'I don't know why. I am aware that you are dull, self-opinionated, coarse, cruel. Have I not seen you beat the remains of life out of a poor, wounded bird, which, in the performance of my duty, I have brought to you? Do you not compel me to pursue and help you to destroy these innocent feathered creatures? Have you not forced the instinct into my very blood?

'Ready to Start for the Moors,' by the same artist, is an inspiring picture. Emer-

'READY TO START FOR THE MOORS.'
From the Painting by R. Ansdell.

'TRUSTY.'
From the Painting by T. H. Hinckley.

AUBERT GALLERY QUE

'IN DISGRACE.'

From the Painting by C. Burton-Barber.

son himself—nay, even a Jhain, in whose creed the killing of a goat is a sin, might feel the spirit of it. 'Let us go. Let us go! The morning is beautiful; the turf yet unsinged by the winter frost; the odor of the pines hangs like incense in the air! Set us free, and let us race over hill and dale, heath and hollow! Give the keen wind to our nostrils, and the music of the horn to our ears.'

If men, as they go, were the mental and morals equals of fine Newfoundland dogs, this world would be a better place to live in. I am translating in blunt Saxon the epigram of a famous French poet. There is truth in it. A good, honorable, high minded Newfoundland dog is more worthy of respect than many a man. He is not only a gentleman, in his dress of white and black, or complete sable, always kept scrupulously clean and neat, but he is chivalrous without ostentation, courageous without cruelty, 'full of gentleness to them of weaker sort,' and 'helpful to them that need his help.'

Said Lord Byron, 'A more human and humane creature than Boatswain, I have never known.' Seeing that Boatswain once saved his noble master from drowning, the praise is not excessive. More than one Newfoundland dog has been the recipient of honors for saving human life; so that Landseer's famous picture is not inappropriately titled 'A Member of the Humane Society.'

Dogs instinctively love children, and Burton-Barber's 'A Scratch Pack' is a bit of artistic realism which any dog lover may easily recognize. In the small scamp upon the pony I see myself as a boy surrounded by my dog family—my noble 'Sailor,' my Skye, 'Martin,' my pointer pup 'Sleek,' my Scotch 'Sandy,' my terrier, 'Toby,' and my collie, 'Bob.' Alas and alack! How gladly would I exchange the poor gifts of manhood's years for the pure delight of those sweet morning rides across the fields, when to live was to be happy, and the future was a synonym of marvellous though undefined glory!

Some one asked Landseer, 'How is it you paint dogs so well?' 'Because I love dogs,' was the answer. There is almost more than human feeling in his 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner.' The shepherd dog sits beside the coffin with his head resting upon the pall, in an attitude as pathetic as that of the father bending over his dead son, grieving as only his deep heart can grieve. As he has loved purely, so he sorrows sincerely. The solemn rites have no meaning to him. The consolatory words of the preacher console not him. He has lost his all. His whole world has narrowed to that dark pit into which the form that he has loved and revered is put away from his sight.

Hogg, the 'Ettrick shepherd,' tells of a collie dog that insisted upon being buried with his master. Leaping into the half filled grave, he fought desperately with those who sought to remove him. On the day following the burial, the distracted creature escaped from the kennel, and a week later was found dead upon the mound which covered all that he had ever loved, or that, in his canine constancy, he ever could love.

Yet when the world goes well, the collie is the happiest of his kind. He is a busy dog, a dog with a profession; and he fully understands his usefulness and his responsibility. 'A flock of sheep is a pack of fools,' says the Scotch proverb, 'and it takes a good dog for a fool driver.' The shepherd dog is the best of fool drivers, and his skill in managing the silly animals confided to his care matches, in its way, the cleverest diplomacy of those statesmen whose office it is to manage men scarcely less silly. The sheep look upon the dog with more confidence than they do upon their human guardian, and in time of danger the flock will be found packed close together with the dog in the midst. He is always their master, and can rule them better than half a dozen men could.

Ramsey tells of a dog which, after an absence of two days, returned to the byre, carrying a lamb which had wandered away among the glens and broken its leg. Famished as the animal must have been, it seems not to have looked upon its charge in the light of chops or cutlets, but to have brought it home safely and with the utmost gentleness. Not every man, under similar conditions, could have resisted the temptation of reducing the lost lamb to a comestible.

In Perthshire you may still hear the story of how a large flock of sheep took a panic during a snowstorm, and darted off in different directions among the hills.

'It's nae use speerin' for thae fules the nicht, Jamie, mon,' observed the shepherd to his dog, after a fruitless chase.

But Jamie thought otherwise, for the next morning he was found in a far away glen, keeping guard over the flock, not a single member of which was missing. How he had collected the scattered and terrified creatures no one could guess but himself, and he kept the secret.

But be his breed what it may—aye, if he be no better than the shag eared, disreputable street cur—I agree with the Eastern poet—

'If all men have souls that Allah taketh note of, trust me there be dogs that shall bark in Paradise.'

IN MALAYSIA is a population of 60,000,000, mostly Mohammedan Malays. The British and foreign Bible society has seven European colporteurs at work and twenty-five who are natives. At Singapore alone Bibles are furnished in forty-five languages.

FOUR THINGS.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D.

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—*New York Independent.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—APRIL 22, 1894.

JOSEPH RULER IN EGYPT.—Gen. 41:38-48.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 38-40.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'Them that honor me I will honor.'—1 Sam. 2:30.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 40:1-23.—Joseph in Prison.
T. Gen. 41:1-24.—Pharaoh's Dreams.
W. Gen. 41:25-36.—Joseph's Interpretation.
Th. Gen. 41:37-57.—Joseph Ruler in Egypt.
F. Psalm 37:23-40.—The Reward of the Righteous.
S. Isa. 55:1-9.—Food for the Famishing.
S. Psalm 40:1-17.—Waiting for the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Joseph Exalted. vs. 38-41.
II. Joseph Honored. vs. 42-45.
III. Joseph Gathering Food. vs. 46-48.

TIME.—B.C. 1716; Joseph thirty years old, and thirteen years in Egypt.

PLACE.—Heliopolis, also called On.

OPENING WORDS.

Joseph remained in the service of Potiphar for about ten years. Then, on a false charge, he was cast into prison. There he gained the confidence of the keeper, and was given the care of the other prisoners. His interpretation of the dreams of two of Pharaoh's officers who were his fellow-prisoners finally led to his release. Pharaoh had two dreams which none of his wise men could explain. By the advice of the chief butler, whose dream he had interpreted, Joseph was called, and told Pharaoh that seven years of plenty were to be followed by seven years of famine. He advised Pharaoh to prepare for the years of scarcity by saving the surplus of the years of plenty. Pharaoh received the advice with favor, and made Joseph ruler over the land.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

38. *The spirit of God*—the source of Joseph's wisdom. James 1:5. 39. *Discreet and wise*—such a man as Joseph had described. (See v. 33.) 40. *Only in the throne*—Pharaoh would be his only superior. 42. *His ring*—the seal ring, thus giving him authority to act for him. *Fine linen*—dress worn by persons of high rank. *Gold chain*—a badge of office. 43. *Second chariot*—next the king's. 44. *Lift up his hand*—have power. 45. *Zaphnath-paaneah*—an Egyptian name meaning 'the revealer of secrets' or 'the bread of life.' *On*—the same as Heliopolis, a city on the east bank of the Nile, six miles north of the modern Cairo; the capital of Lower Egypt. 46. *Thirty years old*—thirteen years after he was sold into Egypt. Gen. 37:2. *Stood before Pharaoh*—as his minister. 47. *By handfuls*—abundantly. 48. *Laid up the food, in the cities*—in storehouses built for the purpose.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why was Joseph cast into prison? How long was he in prison? How was he released? What were Pharaoh's dreams? What was Joseph's interpretation of them? What did he advise Pharaoh to do? Title? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. JOSEPH EXALTED. vs. 38-41.—What did Pharaoh think of Joseph's advice? What did he say to his servants? To what office was Joseph raised? What did Pharaoh say to him in thus honoring him?

II. JOSEPH HONORED. vs. 42-45.—What badge of office did Pharaoh give Joseph? How else was Joseph honored? What proclamation was made before him? What further did Pharaoh say to him? What new name did he receive? Whom did he marry?

III. JOSEPH GATHERING FOOD. vs. 46-48.—How old was Joseph? Where did Joseph go? For what purpose? How long did the plenty last? What provision did Joseph make for the famine? What amount of food was gathered? Where did Joseph lay it up? What do we pray for in the third petition? What else should we do when we offer this petition for daily bread? What do we read in 2 Thess. 3:10.

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God will honor those that honor him.
2. Truthfulness, diligence and industry will ensure God's blessing.
3. Faithfulness in little things prepares the way for greater trusts.
4. We should make provision for the future.
5. The Lord is mindful of our good even when our way seems the darkest.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. What did Joseph do for Pharaoh? Ans. He interpreted his dreams.
2. What did he foretell? Ans. Seven years of plenty to be followed by seven years of famine.
3. To what office did Pharaoh appoint Joseph? Ans. He made him ruler over the land.
4. How did Joseph prepare for the famine? Ans. He laid up the surplus products of the years of plenty.
5. What did he do when the years of famine came? Ans. He supplied the people with food.

LESSON V.—APRIL 29, 1894.

JOSEPH FORGIVING HIS BRETHREN.

Gen. 45:1-15.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 3-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

'If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.'—Luke 17:3.

HOME READINGS.

M. Gen. 42:1-20.—Joseph's Brethren in Egypt.
T. Gen. 42:21-38.—Their return Home.
W. Gen. 43:1-14.—Their Second Visit.
Th. Gen. 43:15-34.—The Dinner with Joseph.
F. Gen. 44:1-34.—The Brethren Tested.
S. Gen. 45:1-15.—Joseph Forgiving his Brethren.
S. Gen. 18:21-33.—Forgiveness Enjoined.

LESSON PLAN.

I. Making himself Known. vs. 1-4.
II. Comforting his Brothers. vs. 5-8.
III. Sending for his Father. v. 9-15.

TIME.—B.C. 1707, two years after the famine began; Joseph in Egypt twenty-two years, and chief ruler nine years.

PLACE.—Heliopolis, also called On.

OPENING WORDS.

After the seven years of plenty came the years of famine predicted by Joseph. (See Home Readings.) The leading events between the lessons are (1) The first visit of Joseph's brethren; (2) Their second visit; (3) The charge against Benjamin; (4) Judah's intercession in his behalf.

HELPS IN STUDYING.

1. *Joseph could not refrain himself*—could not conceal his feelings. 3. *I am Joseph*—he owns them as his brothers, though they had treated him so cruelly. (Compare Heb. 2:11.) *Troubled*—filled with fear. 5. *God did send me*—overruling their wickedness to work good. 6. *Earing*—ploughing. 7. *To preserve you a posterity*—and thus bring about a fulfilment of God's promises. Gen. 15:5; 17:6; 24:7, etc. 8. *Not you*—God had used their sin. But still they were guilty. 10. *Goshen*—a part of Egypt bordering on the Delta of the Nile. 14. *His brother Benjamin*—the son of his own mother. 15. *All his brethren*—assuring them of forgiveness.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What took Joseph's brethren to Egypt? What happened on their first visit? Whom did they take with them on their second visit? What took place at this visit? Why did Judah so plead for Benjamin? Title? Golden text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. MAKING HIMSELF KNOWN. vs. 1-4.—How did Judah's plea affect Joseph? What did he command? How did he make himself known? Why could his brothers not answer him? What did he say to them?

II. COMFORTING HIS BROTHERS. vs. 5-8.—How did Joseph comfort his brothers? Who had turned their evil into good? What is said of Joseph in Psalm 105:17-22. How should we treat those who injure us?

III. SENDING FOR HIS FATHER. vs. 9-15.—What message did Joseph send to his father? What promise of support did he give him? What testimony could his brothers give their father about Joseph? What would Joseph have them tell him? How did he show his love for Benjamin? How for his other brothers?

PRACTICAL LESSONS LEARNED.

1. God's providence rules over all.
2. He may bring good out of the wickedness of men.
3. Our wickedness is none the less sinful because God overrules it for good.
4. We should be patient and forgiving under injuries.

REVIEW QUESTIONS.

1. For whom did Judah plead before Joseph? Ans. For his brother Benjamin.
2. What did he offer to do? Ans. To become a slave in the place of Benjamin.
3. What did Joseph then do? Ans. He made himself known to his brothers.
4. What did he say to them? Ans. God did send me before you to preserve life.
5. What message did he send to his father? Ans. Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not.

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THE HOUSEHOLD.

A RAINY DAY.

'Raining again!' I exclaimed as I raised my head from the pillow and listened to the steady drip, drip. 'What shall I do? The children will be shut in the house all day and that awful ironing on hand, too. But it won't help the matter to grumble; one has to bear these things, I suppose.'

Of course, I was discouraged before beginning my day's work, and when the children appeared there was no cheerful word to set them right, and as one of them said, with tears in her eyes, 'Oh, dear! I'm so sorry it's a stormy day; for we were going to have so much fun under the big tree,' I took up the strain.

'You can't be more sorry than I am. I suppose you'll all try what mischief you can get into to-day, for I've that basketful of clothes to iron and I never knew it to fail but you'd exert yourselves if I'd anything special to do.'

'I'll take care of Mame and Fred,' said Elinor, who forgot her own disappointment in pity, which I felt was altogether undeserved, for my annoyance.

'I shall be very glad of your help, I answered, smothering my ill-temper as I went to work. The breakfast things were soon washed, and everything in readiness to commence ironing; but the first sheet was barely folded and hung upon the rack when little Mame fell with her doll. A broken arm for dolly and almost a broken heart for Mame was the result. I looked despairingly at the huge pile of unironed clothes, then cried:

'Go along with that doll, for pity's sake! If you could keep one whole for five minutes it would be a blessing. Take it to Elinor; she can fix it as well as I can.'

Elinor tried most faithfully, but failed. Mame cried and cried, until in sheer desperation I stopped and tied up the broken arm. By that time the irons were cool and the fire almost burned out. The fresh coal was slow to heat, and by lunch time only half a dozen plain pieces were finished. I hurried through luncheon and placed the dishes on the kitchen table, determined to get the benefit of the irons while they were hot; but no sooner was I well at work than Mame's jumping rope pulled a pitcher from the table; the crash brought me to the spot, but not in time to save Elinor who, in her anxiety to catch the pitcher, lost her balance and fell upon one of the broken bits, cutting her hand and frightening us both. Fred in the meantime had upset the syrup jug while trying to reach some twine from the pantry shelf, and this proved the last feather weight I could bear. Elinor's hand was wrapped up, Fred reduced to a more presentable condition and then we all indulged in a 'good cry.' Fred, Elinor, Mame and myself all wept in sincere sympathy with each other, and pity for ourselves.

At this juncture I heard a light rap, the door opened and Mrs. Herril, my neighbor, appeared.

'I didn't wait for any ceremony,' she said, 'for it's raining as if it never rained before, but I wanted you to have some of these biscuits; raised ones you know. Why, what are you all crying about?' I hesitated to enumerate my woes and she continued, taking in the situation at a glance, 'I know exactly what you've been doing! You got up tired, it's a dreary day and you've tried to do an unusual amount of work. The children have been awfully troublesome——'

I smiled through my tears as she paused, for the picture was true to life.

'Now, my dear,' she went on, 'put that basket away. I don't believe in giving advice, but I've learned two or three things by actual experience. The wisest thing any mother can do, when she awakens tired and out of sorts and hears the patter of the rain outside, is to consider how little she can possibly manage to do on that particular day. There's always mending on hand, or some such work, that may be accomplished while you are cosily ensconced in the pleasantest corner of the sitting room. Let the children bring their playthings into this same cheerful nook and you will be able to watch them and take a good many stitches beside. They will appreciate having a day with mamma, and instead of dreading the inclement weather that compels them to stop indoors, they'll soon look forward to a rainy morning as the harbinger of a red-letter day. If several stormy mornings follow each other, adhere to the same plan for the day and take a couple of evenings for the ironing after the little ones are asleep, and both you and the children will be the better for it.'

I had scarcely time to thank her when she was gone, but the sunshine she brought with her still remained. Fortunately, the next day was fine and the ironing completed without difficulty, but ever since that memorable afternoon I have worked according to the plan suggested by my kind-hearted neighbor, in whom I had the fullest faith, as she has the most cheerful, happy family I have ever known.

Her prophecy has been fulfilled and Mame will shout gleefully:

'It's raining, Fred! did you know it? We'll get our playthings right away and be all ready to visit when mamma gets the mending basket.'—*Erato, in Babyhood.*

KITCHEN CONVENIENCES.

Any convenience in a kitchen is appreciated by the busy housewife. In a house where there is no hall, a closet adjoining a kitchen is a great convenience. If it is large enough, have a window, have hooks for coats, hats, etc., and boxes for shoes, rubbers, and such articles; a workstand, or shelf, with looking-glass hanging over it, also a wash bowl, an umbrella stand, chairs, and a large paper holder, for holding paper sacks and wrapping papers that come from the stores.

If there is no other suitable place, the clothes-basket, clothes-pins, and ironing-board may be stored away in the closet. Of course, such a closet would be convenient in a house where there was a hall, but in such a case there would not need to be an umbrella stand, nor many hooks for coats, etc. There could be a door, or a curtain made of canton flannel, or denim, instead.

If the kitchen is large enough, have some kind of a couch, with a paper rack close by, with the latest magazine or paper in it; likewise have a letter holder somewhere in the kitchen. A closed cupboard for lamps, a clock, and calendar should always find a place in the kitchen. A bag for holders is more convenient than nails or a shelf.

Do not burn every bit of waste paper that comes into the house, and every time you want a piece of paper have to hunt an hour for it. If the sacks and large pieces of paper are folded nicely and laid away, they are useful for a good many purposes, and the pieces that are torn can be used to kindle fires, singe poultry, etc.

Another convenient appendage to a kitchen is a shady porch, with a cosy seat, where the tired housewife may sit and rest on a warm day. Vines may be trained over it, and even a rosebush near by, and I dare say it will be appreciated equally as well as though it were over the sitting-room door.—*Hope Summers, in Housekeeper.*

MONEY FOR CHILDREN.

There is a great deal said about the value of an allowance for children, and it is certainly a wise plan to train them to spend small sums judiciously that they may learn the value of money while young.

But perhaps many parents live on farms where money comes in slowly or irregularly, so that an allowance for their children is out of the question.

I would suggest to them that they give to their young people something on the farm that shall yield an income, though ever so small. Let them have a hive of bees, or a few hens of their own, or perhaps a lamb or calf, but insist that any expense incurred by their pets shall be met by themselves from their profits.

If none of these ways seem practical, let them have a piece of ground on which to experiment with berries, small fruit, or vegetables or give them the yield of certain apple trees for a season, provided they do the work involved themselves.

It may require a little sacrifice to make the gift or to bother with the unskilful work of the children's hands, but in a small way they will be receiving a valuable business training worth more to them than a regular allowance from the family purse.—*E. M. T., in the Household.*

THE CARE OF CLOTHING.

Much of the wear and tear which uses up good clothing may be averted by constant care. Gowns should be brushed before hanging up in closets. It is best to have this done as soon as possible after taking them off, thoroughly removing the traces of street dust and mud from facings, seams, and gathers. The neat woman does not brush her gown in her own chamber, but takes it into the bath-room and brushes it beside an open window, or, better still, has it carried out of doors for the operation.

Disease germs may be carried home in clothing, and, were this not the case, it is a very untidy proceeding to put into one's wardrobe an article of dress which has not been thoroughly cleansed.

When the French woman takes off her bonnet she does not bundle it at once into a bandbox, or throw it hastily on a shelf, or hang it up on a peg. Not she. Every little loop and bow is pulled out and put into shape, strings are gently caressed into smoothness, jets and aigrettes are straightened and fastened in position, and the bonnet receives the touch of the brush to remove dust, and then it is laid between folds of tissue-paper, and is ready for its next appearance, as fresh and new, to all intent, as when it left the milliner's hand.

Gloves are expensive articles, no matter how sedulous the care bestowed upon them. But gloves will last a third longer than they usually do if pulled off the hand from the wrist down, and turned inside out, as is done when they are tried on in the shops. If laid by themselves, properly straightened and not crumpled into a tight ball, and if mended at the instant a rip shows itself, a pair of gloves will long retain their pristine freshness. It is good policy to have best and second best gloves, and gloves for shopping and running about. In our chilly winters the last-mentioned should be of dog-skin, and sufficiently loose not to cramp the hand. Light gloves may be cleaned more than once to advantage.

Shoes with yawning gaps where buttons should be, at once convict the wearer of heedlessness. A gentlewoman may wear coarse shoes or patched shoes, her boots may be clumsy or ill-fitting if the state of her purse forbids her having elegance, but she will not be seen in boots from which the buttons have become loosened or lost. A large needle and stout thread will replace a button, and it requires only a moment's work, and the wearer will part with no portion of her self-respect if she does this as a matter of habit.

Neckties, ribbons, belts, and the several little fanciful adjuncts which add a touch of distinction to a woman's costume should be kept in dainty boxes of their own.—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHILDREN'S COURAGE.

To exercise due care of what our children read is necessary if we would protect them from either physical or moral fear. A girl whom I once knew suffered agonies for years whenever she was seated at the piano, often rising in terror at the fancied pressure of an invisible hand on her shoulder, the result of reading a weird German tale, in which the heroine was pursued by a wan, bloodless hand. After she was married, and had babes of her own, the mere mention of this heroine's name was sufficient to bring back the wretched discomfort which that story had imposed on her life.

A boy of more than average intelligence, and a champion runner, wrestler and ball-player, told me that from fourteen to eighteen he never went to bed without arranging a complete armory in the room, bringing out two or three rusty guns, an old sword, and a club, and arranging them in convenient positions for defensive use.

'What on earth was the matter that you made such grand preparations?' I inquired.

'Oh! I had read so many stories of Indian warfare and tales of piracy that my mind was full of haphazard notions. I never knew what might be about to occur, and I thought it as well to be ready for attack.'

Moral courage is of a higher order than physical, and is not infrequently found in children who have little of the latter quality. For instance, Ellen, who faints at the sight of a burn or a scratch, and cannot help nor control this failing of the physical heart, may bravely take the responsibility of a serious accident, and bravely acknowledge herself in the wrong, and ask pardon, if she is convinced that she has been impulsive or mistaken. In 'Tom Brown at Rugby,' the brave little fellow, who said his prayers while the boots of his scoffing comrades were flying around his head, displayed a lofty moral courage. Magnificent soldiers have left on record the fact that they never went into action without suffering from physical fear, which it required the utmost effort to their wills to overcome. So we should not despair when our children meet the unfamiliar with apprehension, or are afraid of the dark.

At the same time, no servant should be retained who violates the injunction never to wilfully frighten a child.—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Sitting beside an evening lamp, a very tired looking reader is nervously stitching away, finishing a garment that is to be worn by her twelve-year-old daughter for the first time next day. This mother is working herself into a headache and almost into a fever to get this pretty costume done before midnight.

'Has Matilda no other dress to wear?' innocently inquires the good man of the house, to be answered rather curtly:

'To be sure she has, John, but nothing suitable; and the child has set her heart on having this for Sunday-school to-morrow. If you will please not interrupt me, I'll be able to finish it.'

Whereat John subsides. But I am not John, and I am not to be cheated of my chance for a gentle homily. Please, good mother, why cannot your little girlie wait another week, and you rest a while this Saturday night, so that you will be fresh and in good trim, body and soul, for the duties of the Lord's day. New clothing is very pretty, and very charming it is to share a child's satisfaction in it, but it is dearly bought if it costs her weary mother a headache.

By the way, a much respected friend of mine has made it her rule for many years never to wear a new hat or gown or wrap, for the first time, to church on the Sabbath. She thinks there should be no distraction of the thoughts on that day and in that place, and so she always airs her new things first somewhere else.

Saturday night should not, if we can help ourselves, be used for social pleasures which are not concluded until midnight. A quiet space between the busy week, with its cares and duties, and the beautiful day of rest should be given, if not to meditation, to tranquility, thus letting a margin be ours for the proper toilette of the soul.—*Aunt Marjorie, in Christian Intelligencer.*

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

Kerosene, liberally applied, will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water.

Oil-cloths will last twice as long if a layer or two of wadded carpet lining are placed under them.

Ease tired feet by bathing them in warm water in which a few lumps of saleratus have been dissolved.

Use a wire frame for boiling potatoes, and see how much vexation it saves, and how satisfactory the result.

Paint, varnish, or japan may be softened or easily removed from old surfaces with a solution of caustic potash.

To keep a closet or pantry dry and sweet place a box of lime upon one of the shelves. It will absorb all dampness.

To clean a brown porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as new.

Rub your lamp chimneys, after washing, with dry salt, and you will be delighted with the new brilliancy of your lights.

To remove stains of blood, saturate the spots in kerosene and let stand a time; afterwards wash out in warm water.

Gas is always objectionable in a sick-room, as it exhausts the air; and in bed-rooms, generally, it should not be used.

By rubbing with a flannel dipped in whiting, the brown discoloration may be taken off cups which have been used for baking.

An uncomfortable, tight shoe may be made easy by laying a cloth wet in hot water across where it pinches, changing, as it cools, several times. During the process the leather will shape itself to the foot.—*Annals of Hygiene.*

SOAP-BUBBLES,

AND THE FORCES WHICH MOULD THEM.

By C. V. Boys, A.R.S.M., F.R.S. of the Royal College of Science.

(Continued.)

Let us therefore examine this case more in detail, I have a disc of card which has exactly the same diameter as the waist of the cast. I now hold this edgeways against the waist (Fig, 27), and though you can see that it does not fit the whole curve, it fits the part close to the waist perfectly. This then shows that this part of the cast would appear curved inwards if you looked at it sideways, to the same extent that it would appear curved outwards if you could see it from above. So considering the waist only, it is curved both towards the inside and also away from the inside according to the way you look at it, and to the same extent. The curvature inwards would make the pressure inside less, and the curvature outwards would make it more, and as they are equal they just balance, and there is no pressure at all. If we could in the same way examine the bubble with the waist, we should find that

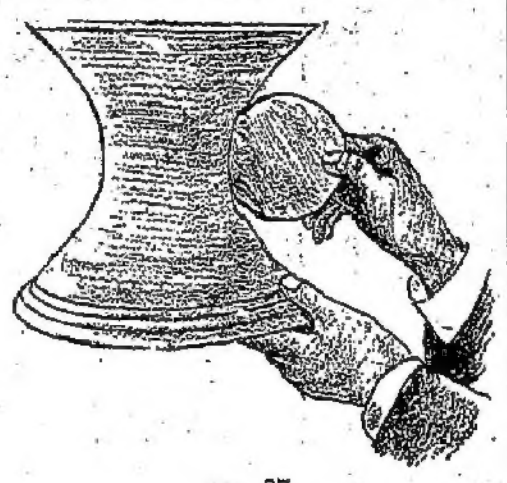


FIG. 27.

this was true not only at the waist but at every part of it. Any curved surface like this which at every point is equally curved opposite ways, is called a surface of no curvature, and so what seemed an absurdity is now explained. Now this surface, which is the only one of the kind symmetrical about an axis, except a flat surface, is called a catenoid, because it is like a chain, as you will see directly, and as you know, *catena* is the Latin for a chain. I

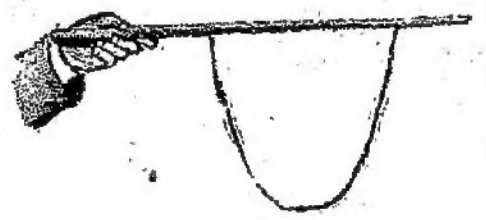


FIG. 28.

shall now hang a chain in a loop from a level stick, and throw a strong light upon it, so that you can see it well (Fig 28). This is exactly the same shape as the side of a bubble drawn out between two rings, and open at the end to the air.

Let us now take two rings, and having placed a bubble between them, gradually alter the pressure. You can tell what the pressure is by looking at the part of the film which covers either ring, which I shall call the cap. This must be part of a sphere, and we know that the curvature of this and the pressure inside rise and fall together. I have added now just the bubble so that it is a nearly perfect sphere. If I blow in more air the caps become more curved, showing an increased pressure, and the sides bulge out even more than those of a sphere (Fig 29). I have now brought the whole bubble back to the spherical form. A little increased pressure, as shown by the increased curvature of the cap, makes the sides bulge more; a little less pressure, as shown by the flattening of the caps, makes the sides bulge less. Now the sides are straight, and the cap, as we have already seen, forms part of a sphere of twice the diameter of the cylinder. I am still further reducing the pressure until the caps are plane, that is, not curved at all. There is now no pressure inside, and therefore the sides have, as we have already seen, taken the form of a hanging chain; and now, finally, the pressure inside, is less than the outside, as you can see by the caps being drawn inwards, and the sides have even a smaller waist than the catenoid. We have now seen seven curves as we gradually reduced the pressure, namely—

1. Outside the sphere.
2. The sphere.
3. Between the sphere and the cylinder.
4. The cylinder.
5. Between the cylinder and the catenoid
6. The catenoid.
7. Inside the catenoid.

Now I am not going to say much more about all these curves, but I must refer to

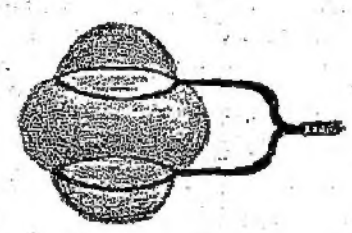


FIG. 29.

the very curious properties that they possess. In the first place, they must all of them have the *same* curvature in every part as the portion of the sphere which forms the cap; in the second place, they must all be the curves of the least possible surface which can enclose the air and join the rings as well. And finally, since they pass insensibly from one to the other as the pressure gradually changes, though they are distinct curves there must be some curious and intimate relation between them. This, though it is a little difficult, I shall explain. I shall show you a simple experiment which will throw some light upon the subject, which you can try for yourselves at home.

I have here a common bedroom candlestick with a flat round base. Hold the candlestick exactly upright near to a white wall, then you will see the shadow of the base on the wall below, and the outline of the shadow is a symmetrical curve, called a hyperbola. Gradually tilt the candle away from the wall, you will then notice the sides of the shadow gradually branch away less and less, and when you have so far tilted the candle away from the wall that the flame is exactly above the edge of the base,—and you will know when this is the case, because the falling grease will just fall on the edge of the candlestick and splash on to the carpet,—I have it so now,—the sides of the shadow near the floor will be almost parallel (Fig 30), and the shape of the shadow will have become a curve, known as a parabola; and now when the candlestick is still more tilted, so that the grease misses the base altogether and falls in a gentle stream upon the carpet, you will see that the sides of the shadow have curled round and met on the walls, and you now have a curve like an oval, except that the two ends are alike, and this is called an ellipse. If you go on tilting the candlestick, then when the candle is just level, and the grease pouring away, the shadow will be almost a circle; it would be an exact circle if the flame did not flare up. Now if you go on tilting the candle, until at last the candlestick is upside down, the curves already obtained

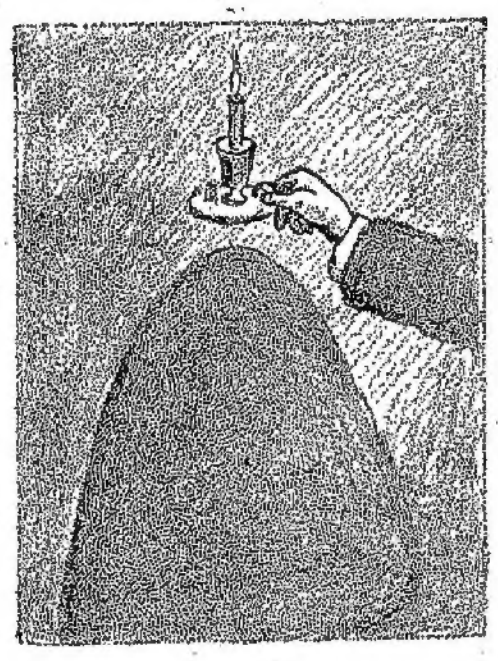


FIG. 30.

will be reproduced in the reverse order, but above instead of below you.

You may well ask what all this has to do with a soap-bubble. You will see in a moment. When you light a candle, the base of the candlestick throws the space behind it into darkness, and the form of this dark space, which is everywhere round like the base, and gets larger as you get further from the flame, is a cone, like the wooden model on the table. The shadow cast on the wall is of course the part of the wall which is within this cone. It is the same shape that you would find if you were to cut a cone through with a saw, and so these curves which I have shown you are called conic sections. You can see some of them already made in the wooden model on the table. If you look at the diagram on the wall (Fig. 31), you will see a complete cone at first upright (A), then being gradually tilted over into the positions that I have specified. The black line in the upper part of the diagram shows where the cone is cut through, and the shaded area below shows the true shape of these shadows, or pieces cut off, which are called sections. Now in each of these sections there are either one or two points, each of which is called a focus, and these are indicated by conspicuous dots. In the case of the circle (D Fig. 31), this point is also the centre. Now if this circle is made to roll like a wheel along the straight line

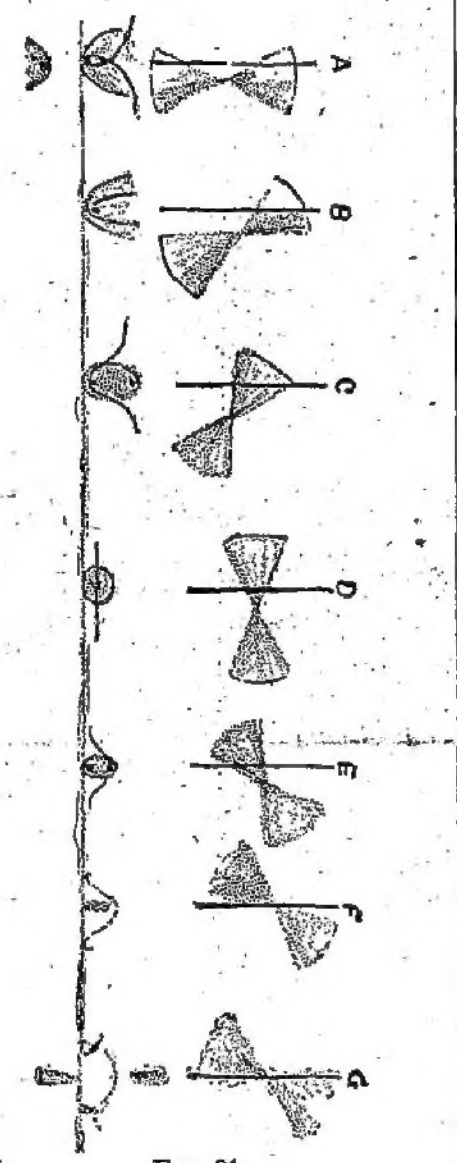


FIG. 31.

drawn just below it, a pencil at the centre will rule the straight line which is dotted in the lower part of the figure; but if we were to make wheels of the shapes of any of the other sections, a pencil at the focus would certainly not draw a straight line. What shape it would draw is not at once evident. First consider any of the elliptic sections (B, E, or F) which you see on either side of the circle. If these were wheels, and were made to roll, the pencil as it moved along would also move up and down, and the line it would draw is shown dotted as before in the lower part of the figure. In the same way the other curves, if made to roll along a straight line, would cause pencils at their focal points to draw the other dotted lines.

We are now almost able to see what the conic section has to do with a soap-bubble. When a soap-bubble was blown between two rings, and the pressure inside was varied, its outline went through a series of forms, some of which are represented by the dotted lines in the lower part of the figure, but in every case they could have been accurately drawn by a pencil at the focus of a suitable conic section made to roll on a straight line. I called one of the bubble forms, if you remember, by its name, catenoid; this is produced when there is no pressure. The dotted curve in the second figure B is this one; and to show that this catenary can be so drawn, I shall roll upon a straight edge a board made into the form of the corresponding section, which is called a parabola, and let the chalk at its focus draw its curve upon the black board. There is the curve, and it is as I said, exactly the curve that a chain makes when hung by its two ends. Now that a chain is so hung you see that it exactly lies over the chalk line.

All this is rather difficult to understand, but, as these forms which a soap-bubble takes afford a beautiful example of the most important principle of continuity, I thought it would be a pity to pass it by. It may be put in this way. A series of bubbles may be blown between a pair of rings. If the pressures are different the curves must be different. In blowing them the pressures slowly and continuously change, and so the curves cannot be altogether different in kind. Though they may be different curves, they also must pass slowly and continuously one into the other. We find the bubble curves can be drawn by rolling wheels made in the shape of the conic sections on a straight line, and so the conic sections, though distinct curves, must pass slowly and continuously one into the other. This we saw was the case, because as the candle was slowly tilted the curves did as a fact slowly and insensibly change from one to the other. There was only one parabola, and that was formed when the side of the cone was parallel to the plane of section, that is when the falling grease just touched the edge of the candlestick; there is only one bubble with no pressure, the catenoid, and this is drawn by rolling the parabola. As the cone is gradually inclined more, so the sections become at first long ellipses, which gradually become more and more round until a circle is reached, after which they become more and more narrow until a line is reached. The corresponding bubble curves are produced by a gradually increasing pressure, and, as the diagram shows, these bubble curves are first wavy (C), then they become straight when a cylinder is formed (D), then they become wavy again (E and F), and at last, when the cutting plane, *i. e.*, the black line in the upper figure, passes through the vertex of the cone the waves become a series of semicircles, indicating the ordinary spherical soap-bubble. Now if the cone is inclined ever so little more a new shape of section is seen (G), and this being rolled, draws a curious curve with a loop in it; but how this is so it would take too long to explain. It would also take too long to trace the further positions of the cone, and to trace the corresponding sections and bubble curves got by rolling them. Careful inspection of the diagram may be sufficient to enable you to work out for yourselves what will happen in all cases. I should explain that the bubble surfaces are obtained by spinning the dotted lines about the straight line in the lower part of Fig. 31 as an axis.

As you will soon find out if you try, you cannot make with a soap-bubble a great length of any of these curves at one time, but you may get pieces of any of them with no more apparatus than a few wire rings, a pipe, and a little soap and water. You can even see the whole of one of the loops of the dotted curve of the first figure (A), which is called a nodoid, not a complete ring, for that is unstable, but a part of such a ring. Take a piece of wire or a match, and fasten one end to a piece of lead, so that it will stand upright in a dish of soap water, and project half an inch or so. Hold with one hand a sheet of glass resting on the match in middle, and blow a bubble in the water against the match. As soon as it touches the glass plate, which should be wetted with the soap solution, it will become a cylinder, which will meet the glass plate in a true circle. Now very slowly incline the plate. The bubble will at once work round to the lowest side, and try to pull itself away from the match stick, and in doing so it will develop a loop of the nodoid, which would be exactly true in form if the match or wire were slightly bent, so as to meet both the glass and the surface of the soap water at a right angle. I have described this in detail, because it is not generally known that a complete loop of the nodoid can be made with a soap-bubble.

(To be Continued.)

PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC.

'It is there that we would find every derelict that has been adrift in the Atlantic for the last thousand years—barring, of course, all such as have gone to the bottom. There's Spanish plate-ships there, and there's Atlantic liners there. The middle of that there sea will be as crowded as London Docks; and there's millions of pounds of treasure, not to speak of salvage, waiting for the man that takes a steamer there and back again.' So speculates a sailor, in one of Mr. W. L. Alden's stories, concerning the centre of the great Atlantic eddy, the Sargasso Sea, and, sure, enough, when the centre of that sea was made, there was the fleet of derelicts, fouling one another in all sorts of ways—the jib-boom of one poked through the main rigging of another; some dismasted, some with their sails hanging ragged and rotten from the yards, some with their bows stove in; and all lying together, grinding slowly against one another amidst the tangled weed and wreckage.

I was forcibly reminded of this imaginary spectacle, writes a *Pall Mall* reporter, when, upon calling at the offices of the Shipmasters' Society in Fenchurch street, I was informed by Captain Topper that there are scores of derelicts, not in the Sargasso Sea, but dotted about right in the path of navigation in the North Atlantic. Captain Froud, the secretary of the Society, upon my broaching the subject to him, was not content with mere generalities, but produced official evidence upon the subject.

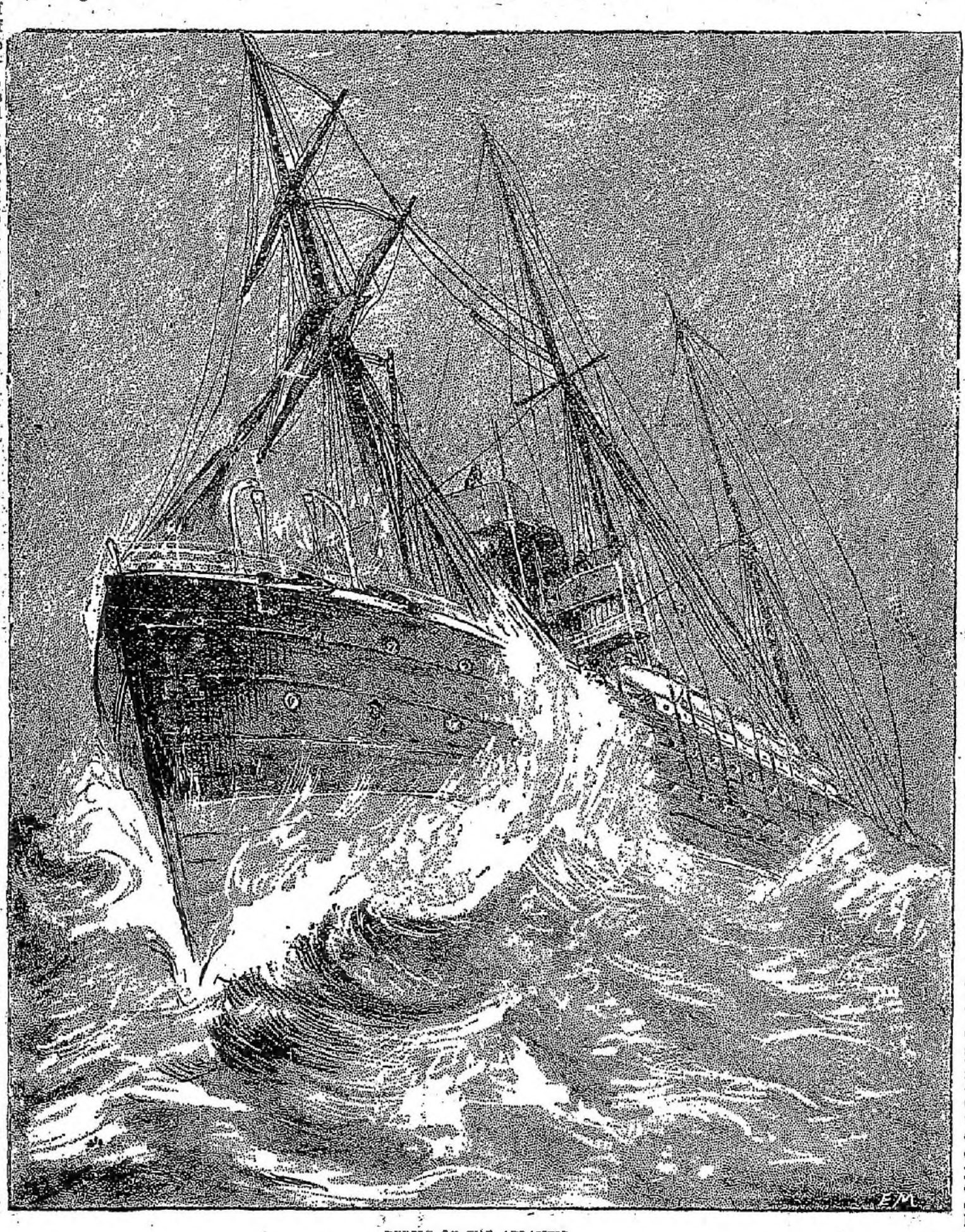
'I have here,' he said, unfurling it upon the table as he spoke, 'the December pilot-chart, which is issued by the Hydrographic Office of the United States Navy Department. Look at the derelicts marked there. Here are the 'Ilpotar' brig, seen on October 24 last, the 'Helena' barque (November 14,) 'Lady Lisgar' barque (November 10), the schooner 'Caleb S. Ridgeway' (November 10), the schooner 'Robert P. Chandler' (October 25), the schooner 'Fanny Wolston' (October 30), the Ellen Isabel' barque (November 8), the barquentine 'Christina Redmond' (Oct. 16), three vessels which could not be identified, seen on October 5, October 6, and November 16, the 'Juan J. Murgay' barque (November 9), the barque 'Jury' (October 16), the barque 'Ceres' (Oct. 15), the ship 'Dorothe' (October 11), the barque 'Comorin' (October 20), the ship 'Columba' (October 6), and many others, as you can see for yourself. Most of them, of course, are seen in the way of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps them up here.'

'Our British captains, I see, are signing a petition to the First Lord of the Treasury, begging that the Government may join the United States Goverment and other powers in destroying these derelicts, as they are a great danger to life and property?'—'Yes. The United States Navy issue monthly pilot-charts like this, showing every known derelicts, icebergs encountered, and so on. Our Government does nothing of that sort. My Society is in communication with the Indian Government, with the Government of Hong Kong, with Mr. Clement Wragge, the meteorologist of Brisbane, and with the meteorological offices of Sydney and Brisbane, suggesting the publication of similar charts in respect of their seas; and we have long been in correspondence with our own British Government, with no results in the last-mentioned case. Every captain who makes any United States port at once reports all obstacles he has encountered, and has them charted. In England we have nothing coming out periodically to show these dangers. The Americans do it wonderfully well.'

'Will you explain for the benefit of landsmen, the nature of the danger from derelicts?'—'In a fog or on a dark night there may be nothing to mark the derelict as it lies, just showing above the water, and a collision with a derelict—say with one chock-full of timber—would be as dangerous as hitting a solid rock. She would mean possibly two or three thousand tons, you know. We want practice for our sailors, and surely none better could be provided than by ending a man-o'-war or two, or a training-ship or two, to search for derelicts, with the object of sinking them. Not in the winter, of course, but in the summer. The Americans have certainly one, and perhaps more, ships on the search for derelicts in order to explode or sink them.' 'How do all these vessels become derelicts, because I thought a ship was never deserted while she would float?'—'No. When a ship has rolled her masts over the side, or gets leaking badly, or has a heavy list, or from a thousand-and-one other causes gets dangerous, her crew are frequently only too ready to leave her. There are some notable cases; and only just within the last week or two the 'Bahama,' a fine large steel sailing-vessel on her first voyage, was deserted in the Atlantic, and was sighted afterwards in an apparently seaworthy condition. But there is to be an inquiry into her case, so I will say nothing more about her, except that she is not yet charted, and is knocking about without lights, without foghorn, without anything—in fact a tremendous danger to navigation. Over and over again a crew has left a ship when another crew from the relieving vessel has stayed behind and brought the otherwise derelict safely into port. Many of these derelicts, I should tell you, are water-logged timber-ships; and it may interest you to learn, while I think of it, that one of the United States vessels engaged in sinking derelicts is the old 'Kearsage,' who fought and sunk the 'Alabama' in the English Channel.'*

*Since this article was written, the old 'Kearsarge' was sunk on the Roncador Reef, off the coast of Nicaragua.

'Why cannot more derelicts be towed into port instead of sunk?'—'Well, when the derelict is waterlogged, and nearly under the water, the difficulty of towing is a terrible one, because the derelict yaws and sheers about so. The mail steamers do not trouble about towing derelicts, because the courts have awarded such small salvage. They stop to save life, but for nothing else. The "tramp" steamers generally have a try to tow any derelicts they may come across; and, quite recently, a captain belonging to this Society tried to tow a coal-laden vessel to port, but he had to leave her. In the old days, many of the derelicts which were seen were mistaken for and reported as rocks by captains who saw seas breaking over them, and any old Atlantic chart is dotted quite thickly with rocks in consequence. But now-a-days more care is shown, and the present Atlantic chart is perfectly clear in comparison with the old. That, of course, makes it all the more important that pilot-charts like these, indicating the derelicts, should be issued.'



PERILS OF THE ATLANTIC.

WHERE TO GO.

For the first fourteen or fifteen weeks of the school year James (an Irish boy) had proved a constant source of disturbance in the schoolroom. He neglected his work, was entirely untrustworthy, seeming to prefer a lie to the truth even where the latter was to his advantage. I tried everything to effect a change, but the boy grew worse. At last, humbly acknowledging to God my complete defeat, I begged his help to save a boy whom he had died for. I told James that night to remain after the others were dismissed, and, after a talk of about ten minutes, I punished him on the hand with a rattan. He had been punished before, so that the punishment most certainly was not the thing that brought about the change. Several weeks after, the superintendent and the secretary of the committee had both mentioned the change to me, for it seemed miraculous. He became one of the hardest-working students, and a boy whose word was to be accepted under any circumstances. This year he is with another teacher, who calls him one of her best boys.—*Golden Rule.*

TWO SMALL BIBLES.

The Clarendon Press has issued two new miniature editions of the Bible, printed on Oxford India paper. One of these, 'The Brilliant Text Bible,' is the smallest ever produced with this type, and contains 1,216 pages, with maps. It measures 3½ by 2 1-8 inches, and it is just over half an inch thick. It is bound in limp morocco, and weighs 2 7-8 ounces. The other edition is a reference Bible, and is slightly larger and heavier.

He of Whom many are afraid ought himself to fear many.

A PARASOL, A BONNET, OR A BUCKET?

BY GRACE STEWART REID.

Carrie Seeright was so run down by spring weather and spring examinations that, as she herself expressed it, she had to be sent from home to be wound up.

'How happy I should be,' said her mother, kissing her good-bye, 'if you were going to start a temperance movement in Pleasant Plain!'

'Well, really, mother,' answered Carrie, 'that is quite a little something to expect of one poor girl in a big place like Pleasant Plain that hasn't even a Band of Hope! But folks won't have any trouble in seeing which side I'm on, for I have a badge on every single dress, on both my outside *jackets and on my waterproof—all sewed* on tight with thirty-six cotton.'

Soon after Carrie's arrival in Pleasant Plain the friends with whom she stayed gave a rosebud luncheon in her honor. Her cheeks were rosy with excitement and pleasure as she sat under the great Japanese umbrella from whose points rose lanterns trimmed with tinkling bells shed a soft light on a table laden with flowers and dainties.

She looked and tasted with delight till the appearance of some charming little pastry parasols filled with ice-cream roses and marked with the guest's initials. Before Carrie's reached her she knew from various sniffs and smiles they were prepared with wine. She thought of a host of things in a minute.

Could she eat the cream without tasting the wine in the pastry? Could she not break the whole thing up and toy with it as if she had been eating it? Would not that be acting a falsehood? It would be too bad to hurt her entertainer's feelings. It would be terrible to have all the other girls think her rude or laugh at her. It would be worse to lose the chance of a temperance hint to thoughtless Pleasant Plain. She sent away the beguiling parasol.

'Why, Carrie!' exclaimed her hostess, surprised and disappointed, for this conceit was intended to be the crown of the bill of fare.

Carrie lightly touched the bow of white ribbon on her dress, as every eye was turned toward her. Her cheeks burned and a faint mist of homesick tears blurred her sight as she covered the empty place before her with cake and fruit, and spoke with a nervous laugh to her neighbor.

That afternoon the troublesome parasol was sent next door to Mrs. Hark whose child's name began with the same letter as Carrie's.

'We have a temperance young lady staying with us,' said the servant who brought it, 'and you'd feel provoked at her not enjoying such a lovely thing only she's so mortified about denying herself before people.'

'It is lovely, isn't it?' said Mrs. Hark, repeating the story to her husband. 'I wish it would keep for an ornament for the parlor. I don't want Charlie to have it, but it would be a shame to destroy it.'

'What is this temperance girl's name?' asked Mr. Hark looking at the initial on the stand of the parasol.

'I don't know,' his wife answered.

'It think it must be Courage,' said he, putting his hand on hers which held the gift. 'Where courage leads faint hearts may follow,' and he shook the little tempter into the grate fire.

Mrs. Hark told Mrs. Newsbiggle all about it when she called soon after.

'Well!' exclaimed Mrs. Newsbiggle, 'it will be a wonder, indeed, if a slip of a girl can carry out her principles in the Newcombs' house. *You know* they're up to all the New York fads and even put a dash of old rum in the chocolate and bouillon for their afternoon receptions.'

She walked home thoughtfully. 'Maria,' she said to her cook, 'I am not going to use any more brandy or cider in mince pies, but I'd like you to make a couple to-morrow with the spiced vinegar I saved from my sweet pickles. I want you to take one to old Mrs. Sniffen, and you must tell her it is a temperance pie so she won't be afraid to give that weak son of hers a *good piece*.'

Young Sniffen told his friend, Joe Nail, that if all his home cooking was as good as that temperance pie, the saloon's free lunches would not get much patronage from him. Joe told his mother and added: 'Why not take a room near the polls at the next town elections and give the boys coffee and sandwiches, no matter what party they vote for? Plenty of coffee must certainly mean a loss quantity of beer and whiskey.'

Since her own dear boy had asked her, Mrs. Nail put aside her pride and invited her friends to join her in the experiment. On the long election day they were busy serving all who would partake—the good citizens and the bad, the sober and the half-seas-over. If it did not work a revolution, *it told on the right side of the election* and on the profits and tempers of the saloon-keepers.

It told, too, on Mrs. Nail, who came home in such a languid condition that, till *he knew the cause, Joe deeply regretted* his suggestion. She went to bed early and not only slept heavily all night, but till noon the next day. Then she woke with a headache and realized that she had been overcome by the liquor and tobacco atmosphere of the previous day, and that the afternoon barely furnished time to rid her dress and wrap of the same taint before she put them on for prayer-meeting.

She did not think of her bonnet till the church-bell was ringing. It had been shut up in a bonnet-box for twenty-four hours. Now, Mrs. Nail had often expressed the opinion that a stout middle-aged matron in a fancy hat was a sight she did not care to see; but on this occasion she did not hesitate to leave her bonnet hanging out of a window and wear a broad affair of lace and feathers she had bought for a niece in Texas.

If her appearance excited some surprise among the sisters of the congregation, it was small to that produced by her rising to speak, for 'Sister Nail' was a conservative who sat in a back seat to be hardly seen and never heard. In a few simple words she told the tale of her sleep and of her bonnet. If there was anything funny about it, the sisters respected her courage too much to smile, and the brethren said, 'Amen!' heartily when she asked if it was not time to protect the town from two poisons that made even the air unsafe.

Major O'Rear, who had had temperance locked up in his heart for many a day, came to the front with a vow to battle for the right. John Appel stood up for groceries without wine and liquors. Thomas Handy protested that any short lives among truckmen, van-men, etc., were due not to over strain, but over drain of beer mugs. A long hidden desire for reform burst forth. The meeting was so dead in earnest that when the fire-bell rang, even the men in the seats by the door did not go out. It was actually not till smoke pervaded the room that the meeting broke up.

Strange to say, Mrs. Nail's house was one of those in danger, and a lurid light lit up her airing bonnet. It reminded somebody of the temperance lunch at the polls, and that the saloons and drugstores were always very careful that the fire-laddies' throats should not be dried up by heat and smoke. Hot coffee and cold milk were soon being quickly served from tea-kettles and milk-cans, in cups, glasses, bowls and pitchers.

'Comrades!' called a grimy young Hercules, as the defeated fire sizzled away, and Joe Nail, from a ladder, gently poked his mother's bonnet, safe and purified, within her unharmed home. 'Out with the money you've saved to-night for a temperance coffee-room!'

An embarrassed, derisive laugh started among the fire-men, but the crowd changed it to a rousing cheer as the speaker held up a fire-bucket and slowly dropped in a handful of coins. It did not have to wait for company from firemen and on-lookers.

'Big trees from little acorns grow.' But did Pleasant Plain's coffee-room, temperance lecture hall, day nursery, kitchen garden and bands of hope really begin with a bucket? Or with Mrs. Nail's illustrated *tale of a bonnet?* Or with a young girl's refusal to sell her colors for a treacherous parasol?

I think the temperance movement in Pleasant Plain started in a mother's last, best wish as she sent her daughter out into fashionable society.—*Union Signal.*

THE MORE HONESTY a man has the less he affects the air of a saint.—*Lavater.*

'WHERE WILL TEACHER BE?'

BY MRS. HARVEY JELLIE.

It was one of those marvellously clear days we sometimes get in the springtime, when the earth seems giving out one song of praise all round. The busy town lay quiet in the Sabbath rest, and as the time drew near for afternoon school, little parties were to be seen here and there wending their way to the different places.

Teachers, too, were eagerly hastening to their work, and two of them were passing a house where little Rosie, the favorite of all in the class, lay dying. She had often of late been absent from the school through illness, but the springtime only developed the disease which was stealing her life away. For twelve years she had been the joy of happy Christian parents, and, but for her weakness and suffering, they would have entreated the Lord to spare her.

'There goes your teacher, Rosie dear, perhaps she will call when going home.'

'If I was well, I should be just starting, shouldn't I, mother? There are my books, you'll come and read my verses to me, and my hymns, and tell me *one of those* beautiful stories!'

'Yes, dear, and we will pray for teacher and the class.'

Propped up by pillows, looking as fragile and fair as a flower, the gentle child listened to the words she had early learned to love.

'Now, darling, you must sleep,' and with a fond kiss the mother laid her back to rest, and an hour passed by. With a sob and look of distress, the dear girl opened her eyes. 'O mother, was it only a dream? I have been in such a lovely place, it must be real and true, and I was well again, and Jesus was holding out his hand to lead me away over such glorious hills. You can't guess how beautiful, and you were there, and father, and little Katie, who used to go with me to Sunday-school; but when I looked about, I could not find teacher. I called her, and I thought I asked Jesus where she was, and He did not answer, but she wasn't anywhere near to Him; and I wanted her, and it made me cry when I was waking for I do love my teacher.'

'There, Rosie, don't think about it; it was only a dream, and you must be happy and forget that part.'

'But I don't want to forget, mother; it was all so lovely there, and it will be true soon. Only, where will teacher be? I cannot bear to lose her up there. Do ask her, when she comes, to be near Jesus, then I'll find her easily.'

'I will, dear, if you take your tea and keep quiet a little now.' And the little child, by Jesus called, and blessed, and charged with a saving message, was content.

'I must call, I suppose, and ask how Rosie is to-day,' said the teacher to a friend and fellow-worker, as they met in the street and walked on together.

'Isn't it delightful to see those eager faces on Sunday! and doesn't it make one long and pray to be more Christlike for their sakes!'

'You are just made for a Sunday-school teacher, and revel in the work; I can't, it seems so tiring to be shut up with children, on bright afternoons, and they seem to be so forgetful. I shall give up, I think, unless I have a larger and more interesting class,' and they parted at the corner of the road where Rosie lived, and fond as she was of those children in her class, she knew in her inmost heart that she lacked some qualification which her friend possessed.

'I am so pleased to see you,' said the mother, 'for my Rosie cannot be happy till I tell you a dream that made her so disturbed. You will smile at it; only to satisfy her I must repeat it, and you will soon make her at rest about it.'

The words of a suffering one, be they young or old, are imprinted on the thought and memory, and mothers ponder these sayings, perhaps, as others cannot. Any way, the words that had told of her child's discomfort were repeated in just the tones she had received them, and with the full pathos of their first utterance, bringing tears to her own eyes.

'She will be so glad to see you, and you will make her forget it all; she is weak, and even a dream troubles her,' said the mother, leading the way.

But the teacher did not 'smile' at it, or think it 'only a dream.' Had an arrow struck her heart, or some big weight of sorrow suddenly entered there? Why did that simple dream-question flame out in such overpowering consequence, refusing to be put aside, and making a trembling listener of the one who went in there as teacher?

'Are you better, Rosie?' she asked, bending near over the bed.

The pale face flushed over with pleasure, and putting her tender arms round her teacher's neck, she said:

'I heard mother telling you about my dream; kiss me, teacher dear, and promise me you will be quite near Jesus in heaven, so I can find you quickly.'

A great revelation came to her soul then and there, and spoke the plain truth within. 'I am not quite near Jesus now, how can I expect to be then!' and she longed to rush away and hide herself. 'I will come and talk to you, dear, soon; I am in a hurry now,' she said, fearing to trust herself.

'But, teacher, tell me first for certain where you will be. I might go before you come again, and I must know where to find you there, please tell me.'

The most difficult question ever put to her, and she a teacher—yet scarcely knowing how to answer her own little scholar, who held her hand so lovingly and would not be denied. The mother spoke to Rosie to take her attention, thinking the sight of the dying child was causing the tears and choking sensation, but she did not know the Angel of the Lord was wrestling there with the heaven-sought soul of that Sunday-school teacher. Recovering herself so as to speak, she said, pressing a farewell kiss on the pleading face—

'Yes, Rosie, darling, you shall find teacher quite near to Jesus.'

'Now I am so happy; I won't cry any more. You come again and see, teacher, if I do. Good-bye.'

Three days after it was as another creature she trod that same street. Earth was more lighted up with heaven, and life a new and solemn trust. Nearing the house again she said to herself, "'Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Oh, blessed messenger to me, she has saved her teacher.'

The pure frail casket lay before her; the happy soul was set free to take the Saviour's hand, and joyfully go forth to the land of perfect health to await the loved ones' coming.

'Thank you for all your kindness to my Rosie in the class,' said the mother. 'She loved you, and after your visit she did not cry or seem to have a wish. Just before she went from me she said, "Will teacher come?' and then, as if she thought you would not see her again, she said, 'I'm so glad I know where I shall find her now"—and she laid her head upon my arm—but there was no sight of death to her. She passed away all smiles.'

Tears and thanksgiving and prayer made a richer wreath than floral decoration for the scholar who had helped the teacher to make sure of a crown.

As she goes forth, baptized from above, to her new life of love and service, and her scholar Rosie enters the homeland, we wonder if all our teachers can confidently answer that question, 'Where will teacher be?'

Where? When the great harvest home is gathered. Where? When, 'with rapture through and through,' the children roam the fields of glory, and gaze upon their Saviour's face. Will they greet you there? Will they find you close to Jesus then?

They never think it can be otherwise. Your life to them is a pattern. Your words their guide. Your death to be all radiant and your place in heaven to be sure, and near the Lord! Will they be deceived and disappointed? You may be able to prepare a splendid lesson, and keep order in the class, but forgive the question put in faithfulness and love, and before you meet those trustful scholars again, answer in the sight of God. 'Where will teacher be?'—*The Christian.*

NO MAN is born into the world whose work is not born with him. There is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will, and blessed are the horny hands of toil.—*Lowell.*

'JUST OUT.'

YOUR OWN OPINION.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

The subject of this talk was suggested by a little chat which Jack had with his mother the other day. He had been telling her of something which had occurred during the mid-winter examinations which were just past. Jack had given his next neighbor three dates for his History paper.

'But, Jack,' said his mother, 'was that honorable?'

'Why, mother,' answered Jack, 'all the fellows do it.'

'That's not the point,' she said gently, 'do you think it was right?'

'Harry would have thought I was awfully mean if I hadn't.'

'Would you have accepted such help?'

Jack wiggled a little. 'Well,' he admitted, 'Harry did give me one little hint in my Algebra. Turn about is fair play.'

'Of course,' said his mother, 'Professor Simpson knew all about it.'

'Of course, he didn't,' returned Jack a little impatiently. 'Mother, you don't understand. All's fair in love and war, and this is war. The professors are on one side, and we are on the other. They know how it is. If they catch us, all right; but if we can beat them, why we come out ahead.'

'And do all the boys in your class act on that principle?'

'Yes,' answered Jack, 'I guess they do, at least I don't know any one who does not.'

'Now, Jack,' said his mother looking at him seriously, 'I want you to forget about the other boys, and their ideas, and I don't want you to think whether you like or dislike your masters: but judging by the standard which the bible gives, I want you to tell me whether you think you have acted honestly.'

Jack was silent for a minute, and then he said slowly.

'Well, no.'

Some time since I was talking with a young man who was in business in New York, and he told me this story. He was in the wholesale nail trade, and the price of nails was so low that the nail dealers were losing largely: and it was decided that something must be done, so all the merchants agreed not to sell nails below a certain reasonable price, and they were free to get as much more than that as they could. The head of the firm with which my young friend was connected entered into the combination, but gave private instructions to his clerks to sell all the nails they could at a trifle less than the price agreed upon. The consequence was that while the other firms held to the agreement faithfully, this man for some weeks sold more nails than any other dealer in New York, and he made a good deal of money.

'But,' said I to the young man who told me this narrative, and who laughed at the sharp practice, 'do you think that was right?'

'Well,' he answered uneasily, 'of course it was not right in the abstract, but Mr. B—— made a lot of money, and one expects double dealing in business, it is an understood thing. A man can't make money without it.'

'Do you know what you are saying?' said I. 'You are saying that there is no firm in New York which is prospering that is making money honestly.'

'Oh, I don't mean that,' said he, roused at last, 'but it is a fact that there is lots of deceit practised in business.'

'And you,' said I, 'were beginning to think that perhaps it does not matter so much after all.'

I once spent about two years in a town where nearly all the young men were in the habit of playing games of chance for money. I was talking to one of them about it.

'Oh,' said he lightly, 'all the fellows do it. I would look queer if I didn't,'

'But do you think it is right?'

'It is my own money that I lose.'

'Whose is it that you win? You get something for nothing, then, don't you? Is that honest? You know that some of the young men in this town have been ruined by betting and gambling; perhaps you have helped to do it by playing with them; at any rate you have had the experience of playing games for money. You know the intense excitement of it and the temptation of it. Now honestly, looking at it from all sides, do you think it is right?'

He was an honest boy at heart; he flushed, but he looked me in the eyes. 'No,' said he, 'I don't.'

It is much the easier way for a boy to think as the other boys think, to accept their standard of morals, and to do as they do, but a boy will surely come to grief if he allows himself to drift like that.

The only way in which you can become a strong and noble man is for you to think over every question of morals for yourself, being quite uninfluenced by popular ideas, and then when you have formed your own opinion abide by it, careless of what any one may say. Take the bible for your standard, be governed by your conscience, and you will never go far wrong, though you may sometimes find yourself standing quite alone; but never mind that. Better stand for the right with Christ by your side than to be wrong with the whole world for company.—*Christian at Work.*

HER TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD-PIECE.

Thirty years ago the pastor of a young Brooklyn church made an earnest appeal to his people for subscriptions to build a new house of worship. The enterprise, for some time in full movement, had stopped soon after the breaking out of the Civil War.

One of the hearers of that appeal was a gentleman from New York, who spoke of it that Sunday evening at his boarding-house table.

Among the boarders was a young lady who had known the Brooklyn pastor, and had once received from him some slight service.

She was a school teacher, who had her living to earn, and had then no special interest in religious work; but her mind and imagination dwelt on the story of the church effort across the river with unusual emphasis. Gratitude, novelty, and something of a feeling perhaps more sacred than either decided her to make a donation.

She went to Brooklyn and gave the pastor a twenty-dollar gold-piece. At first he refused to keep it, because he knew the amount was more than she could well afford to give; but she insisted, and told him it was the first time she had ever given anything to a religious object. It was a new experience to her, and she felt her reward for the act in the happiness of doing it.

The piece of money was kept, and its story told—and so well told that the discouraged congregation took heart from it, renewed their efforts, and soon raised funds enough to complete the building.

To the young lady that contribution was the beginning of a moral earnestness that changed and ennobled her own life, and helped and blessed many other lives.

She became a regular attendant at the church she had assisted, and there commenced her Christian childhood. To-day the two sons of herself and her Christian husband are Christian young men soon to graduate, it is expected, with high college honors, and both active members of a western city church.

The poor school teacher's twenty-dollar gold-piece has lived its usefulness over and over again in the eloquent words of the man who received it, and its story has imparted new enthusiasm and faith to many struggling congregations. Doubtless it will go on doing good for many a year to come.—*Youth's Companion.*

A REMARKABLE COLLECTOR.

A boy in Portland, Me., many years ago, was deeply interested in collections, and after taking up several things, minerals, stamps, and the like, he settled down to make a collection of shells.

At seventeen he had developed such keenness of observation as to discover a new species of shell, and presented a paper before the Boston Society of Natural History on his discovery. In a few months he again discovered a new species that had been classified as the young of a known species. A great English naturalist visiting this country, was taken to visit this boy and see his collection of shells. He was so interested that on his return to Boston, he spoke of the collection to Professor Agassiz, who invited the collector to Harvard as a special student.

That boy is known to the world as Professor Morse. He went to Japan as Professor of Zoology in the University of Tokio, and while in Japan began studying the beautiful pottery of that artistic nation, until he had become an authority, and was made Judge at the Chicago Exposition. Professor Morse attributes his knowledge of Japanese pottery to the habits of close inspection acquired in his boyhood when making his collection of shells.—*Outlook.*

'A SCRATCH PACK.'
From the Painting by C. Burton Barber.

GIRLS IN BUSINESS.

A business man who had been asked about girls in business, said: "Our firm employs a young woman as stenographer, typewriter and assistant book-keeper. She is a good typewriter, but not first class. She can do ordinary simple work in book-keeping, such as posting, taking off a trial balance, etc., but she knows nothing beyond that. Business has been very dull during the past six months, and she has had very little work to do. First she brought in all her fall and winter sewing and finished it, since then she has been reading novels of the most frivolous and unprofitable kind. She is constantly making little mistakes, and when I told her the other day that I feared she was getting careless, she cried. Now I have no objection to her doing her sewing in her leisure at the office, though it is very unbusiness like, and if a boy were to mend his shoes or make his coat under similar circumstances, I should predict his total failure as a business man in our line. But I think it much better for her to do that than to make her clothes at home evenings. What I can't see is why, in this leisure time, she doesn't practise until she is a first-class typewriter, why she doesn't study book-keeping until she knows it thoroughly, and why she doesn't learn about the business generally, instead of reading novels. And why should she be careless and then cry when her employer expresses his displeasure? Whoever heard of a boy or man crying because he was reproved! A boy will try to make himself valuable to the firm, consequently he will be promoted when there is a vacancy. The girl will stay just where she started and complain about the partiality shown to the men employees in the matter of pay and promotion. I don't say all women are paid as well as they deserve, but I think that the reason a great many don't get more is because they don't go about getting it in a business-like way."

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